

The Second BOOK of the
Pleasant Musical Companion;
Being a Choice Collection of *A.42. f.*
CATCHES.
For Three and Four VOICES.

Compos'd by Dr. John Blow, the late Mr. Henry Purcell, and other Eminent Masters.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged.

L O N D O N:

Printed by William Pearson for Henry Playford, and sold by him at his House in Arden
street in the Strand; and J. Hare at the Golden Viol and Flute in Cornhill. 1707.

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1900 A.D.

Library of the Royal Society of Medicine
• 1900 A.D.

To all Gentlemen and others who Incourage
and Frequent Musical Meetings and Clubs in City and Country.

Gentlemen,

H H T

THE several *Catches* which are contain'd in the following Sheets, having already when separate, been favoured with Your Approbations, I could not but Address my self to You for Your Patronage, now they are Compil'd together. Custom has given Authority to the Request I am making to You; and as Your Encouragements of Things of this Nature has been General, I beg the Honour of having it Extended to my poor Endeavours in serving the Public. And since You are Celebrated by all that are known to You, for Patterns of true Friendship, I can not but ask Your Acceptance of that which is desighn'd for the Promotion of it, and beg leave to Subscribe my self,

Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Henry Playford.

THE

THE
P R E F A C E.

THough neither the Design of the following Papers, nor the Matter which is contain'd in them, stand in need of any thing previous in their Behalf, yet since Custom has almost made it necessary that somthing should be said in their Recommendation, the Publisher thinks himself oblig'd to give the Reader some Account of what he submits to his Perusal. The Design therefore, as it is for a General Diversion, so it is intended for a general Instruction, that the Persons who give themselves the Liberty of an Evenings Entertainment with their Friends, may exchange the Expence they shall be at in being Sociable, with the Knowledge they shall acquire from it; and their Understanding will be encreased, and a true Friendship may be establish'd among them. The Matter in respect to the Words, ows its Birth to the best Authors; and in respect to the Music, has the most Consummate Masters for its Composers; nor is there any thing which does Violence to good Manners, or commits a Rape, on good Sense in it, but what forwards the Establishment of good Company, the Promotion of good Music, and the Advancement of good Words, which will neither give Offence to the nicest Judgments, or be ingrateful to the most delicate and distinguishing Ears.

Ibus much be thought was necessary, without any farther Vindication, than the Great Names of the Persons who oblig'd the World with the Words, and those who (if any thing can add to such Finish'd Pieces) have given a Lustre to them by their Musical Compositions; as Dr. Blow, and the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell, whose Catches have deservedly gain'd an Universal Applause.

To

To my Friend, Mr. Henry Playford, on the Publication of his Book
of Catches, and his design in Establishing a Weekly Club for the ad-
vancement of Music.

Once more the Grateful Muse her Thoughts prepares,
Nor shall once more suffice for Playford's Gates,
His kind Endeavours be continu'd shown,
And Endless shou'd be what the Muse bestows.
Permit me then, obliging Friend, to raise
My Voice again, to sing thy growing Praise,
And introduce thy lasting Gift to Fame,
Whose Worth's its Past port, and whose Eraze its Chain,
Whose Mirth adds Pleasure to the sparkling Wine,
And gives a nobler Lustre to the Vine,
Whilst to thy Care the Vinner owes his Gain,
And we thy Friends, that we forget our Pain,
As lost in Joys, and Extasies of Sound,
Our Friendship Circles as the Glass goes round,
'Tis true, thy * last Attempt was well design'd,
And gain'd its wish'd effect on ev'ry Mind,
As it Purg'd off the Cares that clog'd our Breast,
And eas'd our Troubles, and our Grief suppress,
But not Content our Sorrows to destroy,
Thou feed'st us with a fresh Regale of Joy,
And that thou may'st thy Patient's Health ensure,
Giv'st him Preservatives to back his Cure.
So, Ratcliff having Master'd the Disease,
And Chas'd the Foe, Retreating by Degrees,
Quits not his Patient's Care, but strictly views
What Hold unsfortify'd, for Death to chuse,
And with fresh Cordials strengthens ev'ry Part,
That Nature may not yield, for want of Art.

W. P.

To my Friend Mr. Playford, on his Book of Catches, and his design
in setting up a Weekly Club for the Encouragement of Music and
good Fellowship.

SO, Now this is something that's like to be taking,
For Music's the Devil without Merry-making.
A Pox on lean Scraping, and Thrumming, and Trilling,
What Delight can it give, without Stuffing and Swilling?
When our Ears must be fill'd and our Bellies be starv'd,
He's a Fool to some Tune, who will e're be thus serv'd.
Friend Harry, thy Fore-sight prevents this Abuse,
Making that which has Sweetness, be likewise of Use;
As the Glass handed forward, puts forward the Song,
And gives Life to the Senses, and Strength to the Tongue.
Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for I vow and protest,
I'm so pleas'd with thy Project, it can't be express'd:
Thy Book's made of Rapture, and Just's thy Design,
Which gives Floods of Joy, with Floods of good Wine.
Nor can it e're fail of Success, that is certain,
While Topers are valu'd, and Songsters have Fortune;
While there's Goodness in Claret, or Joy to be found
In the sweetness of Friendship, or sweetness of Sound.
While Celia's soft Thoughts are as kind as her Mother's,
And she breaks her own Voice for the sake of another's;
And to make it as lasting as Project can e'er be,
While you Traders drink Wine, and we Poets swill Darby.

From Mr. Steward's, at
the Hole in the Wall, in
Balwin's Gardens.

T. B.

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at the Sign of the Angel, in the Strand.

(i) A. 3. Voc. Catch on the Battle at Hailbron by Mr. Herbert.
Sett to M U S I C K by Dr. John Blow.



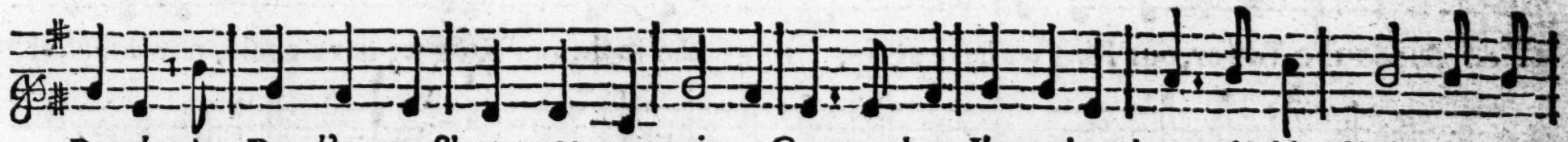
Ome here's a good Health to Prince Lewis the Brave, the Prince that has Buri'd the Turks in the



Save, for drinkers of Wa—ter a suitable Grave; both the old and new Turk are here overthrown, now my



Jolly, Jolly, Comrades, have at the fair Town, with our Bombs of old Hock will we batter it down, the



Danube, the Danub's our Slave once a—gain, a Greater then Xerxes has thrown in his Chain, and the



Heydelburg Tun shall close the Compain.

Thorow Bass.

(2) A.S. Voc.

[On the King's coming home.]

Dr. John Blow.



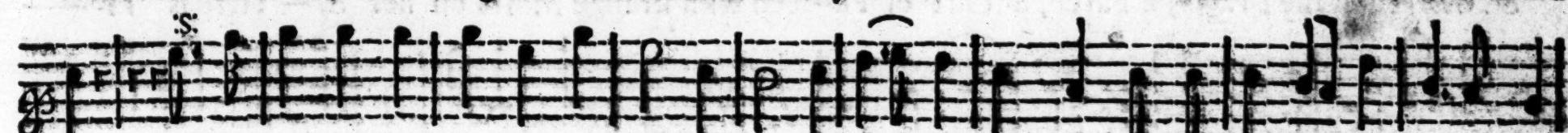
(3) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon our Victory at Sea.]

Dr. John ...



I Know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, those French durst not stand us; nor the Dastardly Irish once
venture to land us; if we Bang not such scoundrels may a stor- - - - - m ri- - - - se and strand



rich mornings draught Boyes; now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Harpin, and then sore and aft Boyes,
Brother Bluff, Brother Bluff, 'tis a Gallon, 'tis a Gallon that now, now, now, now is a sinking, to our



zaz and dow- - - - - - n drinking.

(4) A 4. Voc.

[Second Part of Bartholomew-Fair.]

Dr. Blow.



H ere are the Ra-ri-ties of the whole Fair, Pimperle-Pimp, and the wife Dancing Mare; here's valiant



St. George and the Dragon, a Farce, a Girl of Fif-teen with strange Moles on her Ar— Here is V—



—en-na besieг'd, a rare thing, and here's Puncbi-nel-lo, shown thrice to the King. Ladies mask'd to the

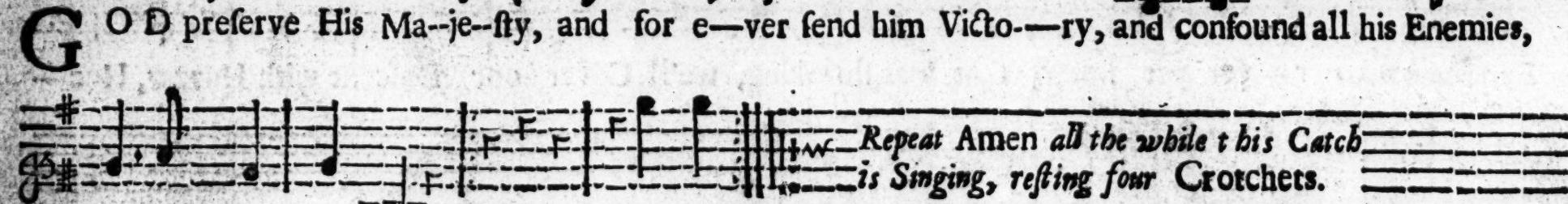


the Cloysters re-pair; but there will be no Raffling, a Pox take the Mayor.

(5) A 3. Voc.

[The Kings Health.]

Dr. John Blow.



take off your Hock, Sir

Amen.

Repeat Amen all the while this Catch
is Singing, resting four Crotchets.

(6) A. 4. Voc.

[The Nut-Brown Lass.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



A Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Lass; with the Hazle Eyes; she that has good Eyes, has



al-so good Thighs, let it pass, let it pass: As much to the live-lier Gray, they're as good by night as



day; she that has good Eyes, has al-so good Thighs, drink away, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge,



what ho! some Wine, here! some Wine; to mine, and to thine; to thine, and to mine; the Colours



are Divine: But Oh! the black Eyes, the black, give me as much again, and let it be Sack; she that



has good Eyes, has al-so good Thighs, and a better knack.

C

(7) A. 3. Voc.

[Galloping Joan.]

Dr. John Blow.

Jean has been Galloping, galloping, galloping, Joan has been galloping all the Town o're;
till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, until her Bumfiddle was wonderous sore; without e're
a Saddle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Ale-house trade.

(8) A. 3. Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

Dr. John Blow.

I'll tell my Mother my Jenny cries and then a poor languishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be—
—lieve the Gipsey lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be
tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd,

(9) A. 3. Voc.

[A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.]

Dr. John Blow.

A musical score for three voices (A. 3. Voc.) in common time, treble clef, and G major. The vocal parts are labeled 'S.' (Soprano), 'A.' (Alto), and 'B.' (Bass). The lyrics describe the burial of two men named John Digs and Richard Digger, noting their easy lives and eventual death. The music consists of two staves of musical notation with corresponding lyrics written below the notes.

U
Ds nigs! here ligſ John Digs, and Richard Digger, and to ſay the truth, to ſay the truth, none know
which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived easie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead,
and now they're dead, and ſhall please ye.

(10) A. 3. Voc.

[In praise of the Punch-Bowl.]

Dr. John Blow.

A musical score for three voices (A. 3. Voc.) in common time, treble clef, and G major. The vocal parts are labeled 'S.' (Soprano), 'A.' (Alto), and 'B.' (Bass). The lyrics extol the virtues of the Punch-Bowl, comparing it favorably to ambrosia and Helicon. The music consists of two staves of musical notation with corresponding lyrics written below the notes.

H
ow ſhall we ſpeak thy praise, delicious Bowl, thou chearſt the Heart and thou inspirſt the Soul;
not Jove of Nether ſo Divine can boast, Am-bro-sia is inſi-ped to thy Toaſt: Drink here your ſons
of Wit, and you will own, the Punch-Bowl is the on-ly He-li-con.

(11) A. 3. Voc.

[A Chiding Catch.]

F Y! nay! prithee John! do not quarrel, man! let's be merry, and drink about: You're a Rogue
you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Company, I caren't a Farthing, Sir, for all you are so
stout. Sir, you lye, I scorn your word, or a—ny Man that wears a Sword, for all you huff, who
cares a T—, or who cares for you.

(12) A. 3. Voc.

[On Mun Saint.]

Mr. Mich. Wise.

S Trange News from the Rose Boys, never hear'd before Boys, Saint upon a Sunday, he play'd a—
—way his Cloaths Boys, never such a Saint was there ever hear'd before Boys.





SUM up all the Delights, sum up all, all, sum up all the Delights the World does produce, the Darling



Allurements now chiefly in use; you'll find when compar'd, there's none can contend, with the so-lid En-



-joyments of Bat-tle and Friend: For Honour, or Wealth, or Beauty may waste, those Joys often



: fade, but rarely do last; they're so hard to at-tain, and so ea-si-ly lost, that the Pleasure ne'er



answers the Trouble and Cost. None like Wine, none like Wine, and true Friendship, are lasting and



sure, from Jealousie free, and from En-vy secure; then fill up the Glasses un-til they run o'er a



Friend and good Wine are the Charms we a—dore.

(15) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

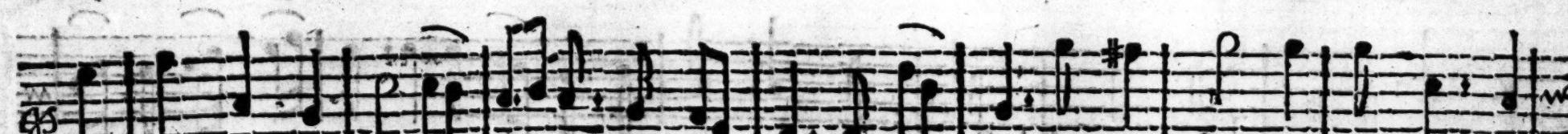
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Wine, Wine in a Morning makes us Frolick and Gay, that like Eagles we soar in the



Pride of the Day; Gouty Sots in the Night on-ly find a decay. 'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape, and



to Drinking gives light, we I—mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height, they steal Wine who



take it when he's out of sight. Boy, fill all the Glasses fill 'em up now he shines; the higher he

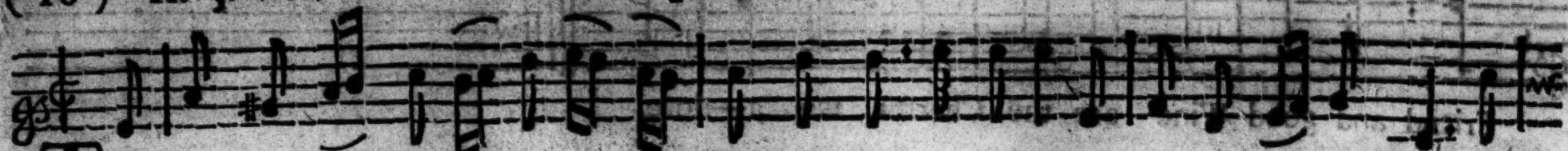


rises, the more he re-fines; but Wine and Wit palls, as their Ma-ker de-clines.

(16) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



The Millers Daughter Riding to the Fair; without a Saddle up—on a scurvey Mare, cry'd



Oh Mother, I'm quite undone, I'm quite undone, I'm all, all o'regrown with Hair! A-way you



Gil-ly Daughter, 'tis ev'-ry She's concern, and if you won't believe me, look here, look here, here, look



here, here, look here, look here, here and you may learn; then taking her a-side, she made the matter



plain, O—h Mother, you're ten times worse! Oh you're ten times worse! you're ten times



worse! you're ten times worse! why sure you rid up—on the Main!

(18) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



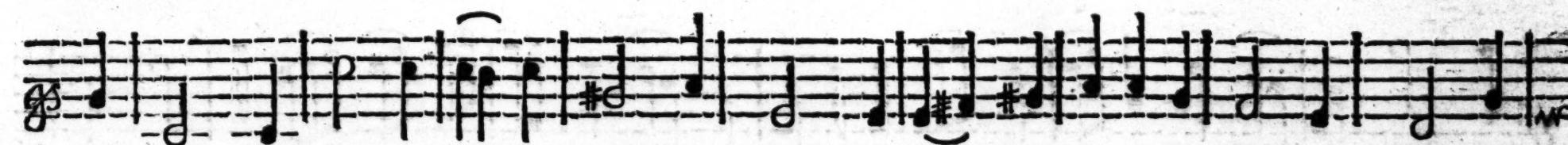
Prithee ben't so sad and ser'ous, nothing's got by Grief or Cares; Melanchol-ly's too imperious;



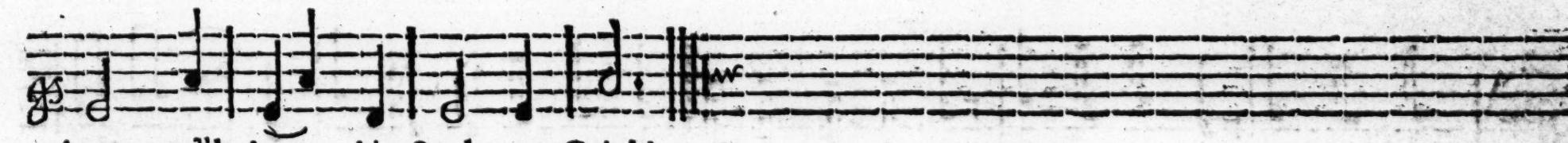
where it comes, still do-mi-neers : But if Bus'ness, Love, or Sorrow, that pos-sesses thus thy mind;



bid 'em come a—gain to morrow, we are now to Mirth inclin'd, let the Glass ru—n



its round, and each good fellow keep his ground, and if there be a-ny flinchers found, we'll



have, we'll have his Soul new Coin'd.

The Thoro-w-Bass.



(19) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Hr. H. Purcell.



(19) A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



fore we go hence we'll spend it.

The Thorow-Bass.



(20) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



True English Men drink a good health to the Miter, let our Church ever flourish tho' her



E-ne-mies spight her; may their cunning and for-ces no lon-ger previal, but their



Mallice as well as their Arguments fail: Then re-mem-ber the Sev'n who support-ed our



Cause, as stout as our Martyrs, and as just as our Laws.

(21) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



X
ch Jack thou'rt a Toper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper, let's have t'other Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring,



ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're so sober, so sober, so sober, 'twere a shame to part; None but a



Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming,



coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late fears a Do-me-stick



strike; I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call and knock, knock, boldly, knock

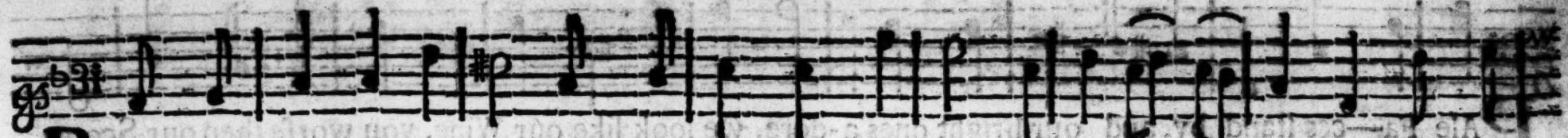


boldly, knock boldly, knock bold-ly, tho' Watchmen cry past two a Clock.

(22) A. 3. Part.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell



BRing the Bowl and cool Nantz, bring the Bowl and cool Nantz, and let us be mixing; We've a



great deal of bus'ness, we've a great deal of bus'ness, 'tis time to be fixing: Dip, dip your Dish



fair a-round to all jol-ly, jol-ly Panch-drinkers; we loose not a Mi-nute, we



loose not a Mi-nute, while we are our own Skinkers; we need no Damn'd Drawers, our



mo-tions, our motions are quicker, we sit at the Well Boys, we sit at the



Well Boys, and drink ri-cher Liquor.

F

(23) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

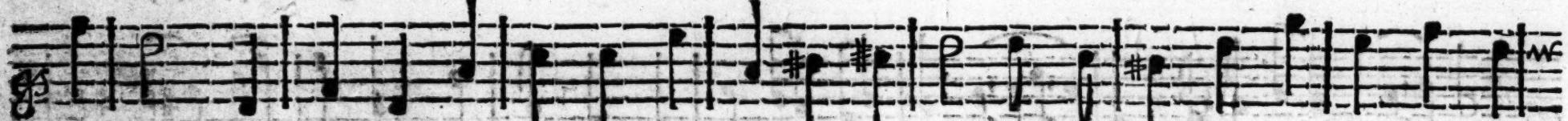
Mr. Henry Purcell.



P Ale Fa—ces stand by, and our bright ones a-dore, we look like our Wine, you worse then our Score;



come light up our Pimples, all Art we out shine, when the plump God does Paint each Streak is



di—vine: Clean Glasses are Pencils, old Claret is Oyl, he that sits for his Picture must



fit a good while.

(24) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



S Oldier, Soldier take off thy Wine, and shake thy Locks, and shake thy Locks as I shake mine;



how can I my poor Locks shake, that have but Ten, I have but Ten Haires on my Pate, and one of

(24) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell
S



them must go for Tythes, so there remains, so there remains but Four and Five, Four and Five, and



that makes Nine, then take off your drink, then take off your drink as I take mine.

(25) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



All for the Reck'ning, and let us, and let us be gone, such careless attendance sure never, sure



never, sure never was known ; pray ri——ng the Bell, till the Drawers come up, nay



prithee pull on, pull on, pull on, tho' you break the Rope; why sure they're a-sleep, a pox, a



pox take 'em all: oh! now they come sneaking with Gentlemen d'ye call, Gentlemen d'ye call,

(26) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Drink on, drink on, drink on, till Night be spent, and Sun do shone, did not the Gods give anxious



Mortals Wine, to wash all Care, to wash all Care and Trouble from the heart? why then so soon, why



then so soon shou'd Jovial Fellows part? Come let this Bumper, let this Bumper for the next make way,



who's sure to live, who's sure to live, and drink a—no-ther day.

(27) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



When *V* and *I* together meet, we make up 6 in House or Street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once more, and



then we 2 can make but 4: But when that *V* from *I* am gone, a-las! poor *I* can make but One.

(28) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



I Gave her Cakes and I gave her Ale, and I gave her Sack and Sher--ry, I Kist her once, and I



Kist her twice, and we were wond'rous mer—ry : I gave her Beads, and Bracelets fine, and I



gave her Gold downder--ry; I thought she was a-feard, till she stroak'd my Beard, and we



were wond'rous mer—ry; merry my Hearts, merry my Cocks, merry my sprights; merry



merry, mer-ry, mer-ry, merry, my hey down der--ry, I Kist her once, and I Kist her



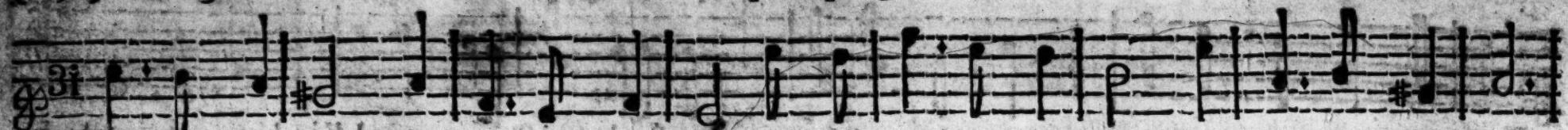
twice, and we were wond'rous mer—ry.

G

(29) A. 3. Voc.

[An old Ephitaph.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Under this Stone lies Ga-briel John, in the year of our Lord, One thousand and one;

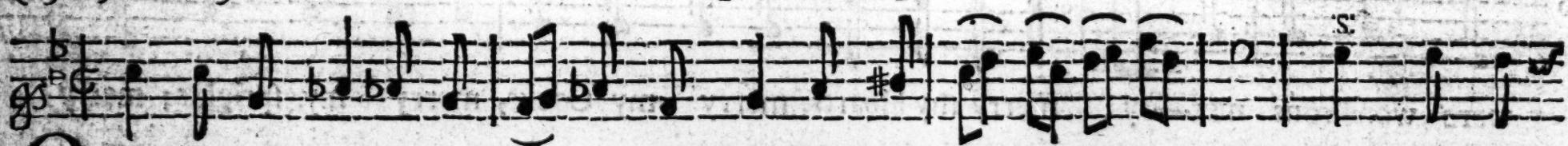
co-ver his Head with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with Turf or Sone, 'tis all one.



(30) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



best, and the De-vil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To this hearty



Wish, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, till he fall.

Wish, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, till he fall.

(31) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

A musical score for three voices (A, B, C) in common time, treble clef, and G major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves above a basso continuo staff. The lyrics are as follows:

Vocal Part A:
He that drinks is imm—ortal, he that drinks is imm—ortal, and can ne'er de—cay, for
Wine still supply, for Wine still supply, what Age wea—rs a—way; how can he be
Dust, how can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

Vocal Part B: (In the background, below the vocal parts)

Wine still supply, for Wine still supply, what Age wea—rs a—way; how can he be
Dust, how can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

Vocal Part C: (In the background, below the vocal parts)

Wine still supply, for Wine still supply, what Age wea—rs a—way; how can he be
Dust, how can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

(32) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

A musical score for three voices (A, B, C) in common time, treble clef, and G major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves above a basso continuo staff. The lyrics are as follows:

Vocal Part A:
If all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons we shou'd Drink;
good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, for least we should be by and by; or a-ny other Reason,
or a-ny other Reason, or a-ny other Reason, why, a-ny reason why.

Vocal Part B: (In the background, below the vocal parts)

If all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons we shou'd Drink;
good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, for least we should be by and by; or a-ny other Reason,
or a-ny other Reason, or a-ny other Reason, why, a-ny reason why.

Vocal Part C: (In the background, below the vocal parts)

If all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons we shou'd Drink;
good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, for least we should be by and by; or a-ny other Reason,
or a-ny other Reason, or a-ny other Reason, why, a-ny reason why.

(33) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

Musical score for "A Catch." by Mr. H. Purcell, 3 voices. The score consists of three staves of music in common time, G major. The vocal parts are labeled "S.", "A.", and "B.". The lyrics are as follows:

To thee, to thee and to a Maid, that kindly will up—on her Back be laid; and laugh, and sing and
kiss, and play, and wanton, wanton out a Summer's day: Such, such a Lass, kind Friend, and Drinking
give me, Great Love! and damn, and damn the Thinking.

(34) A. 3. Voc.

[. . .] [A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

Musical score for another piece by Mr. H. Purcell, 3 voices. The score consists of three staves of music in common time, G major. The vocal parts are labeled "S.", "A.", and "B.". The lyrics are as follows:

A N Ape, a Lyon, a Fox, and an Ass, do shew forth Man's Life as it were in a Glass; for
A—fish we are till Twenty and one, and af—ter that, Ly—ons till Forty be gone: Then
Wit—ry as Foxes till Threescore and Ten, but af—ter that Asses, and so no more Men.

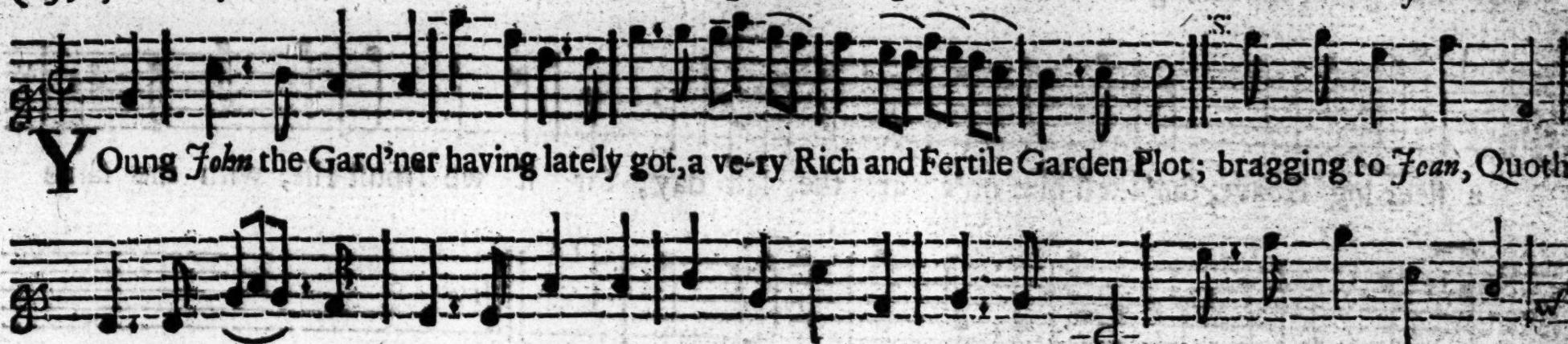
The Second Part; to the same Tune.

A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Crow,
As plainly sets forth how you Women may know;
Harmless they are, till Thirteen be gone,
Then Wanton as Sparrows till Forty draw on;
Then Prating as Parrots till Threescore be o're,
Then Birds of ill Omen, and Women no more.

(35) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Y oung John the Gard'ner having lately got, a ve-ry Rich and Fertile Garden Plot; bragging to Joan, Quoth



he, so Rich a Ground for Mellons, cannot in the World be found: That's a damn'd lye, quoth



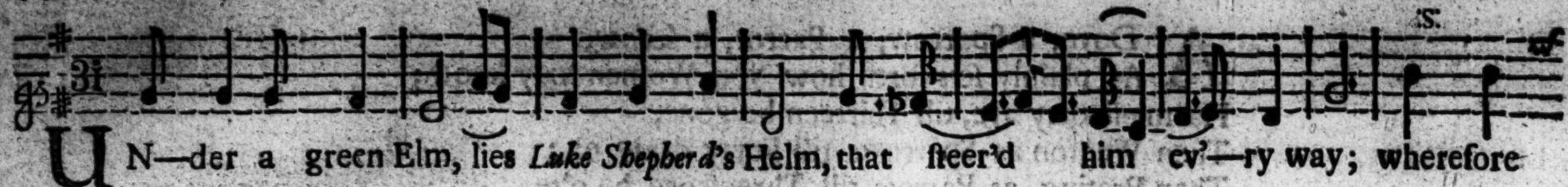
Joan, for I can tell, a place that does your Garden far excell: Where's that? says John; In mine Ars quoth

* Joan, for there is store of Dung and Water all the Year.

(36) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



U N—der a green Elm, lies Luke Shepherd's Helm, that steer'd him ev'ry way; wherefore

now she's gone, mourning there is none, he follow'd her Corps in gray; He smil'd at the Grave, like



a fleer-ing Knave, she'll tell him on't at the last day; for if we must rise, with the same



(37) A: 3. Voc.

[A Catch. Words by Mr. Otway.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



W ould you know how we meet o're our jol—ly full Bowls, as we min—gle our Liquors, we



min—gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind sooths the Strong, and nothing but

(37) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Friendship grows all the Night long: We drink, laugh, and gra—ti—fie ev'—ry De—sire, Love

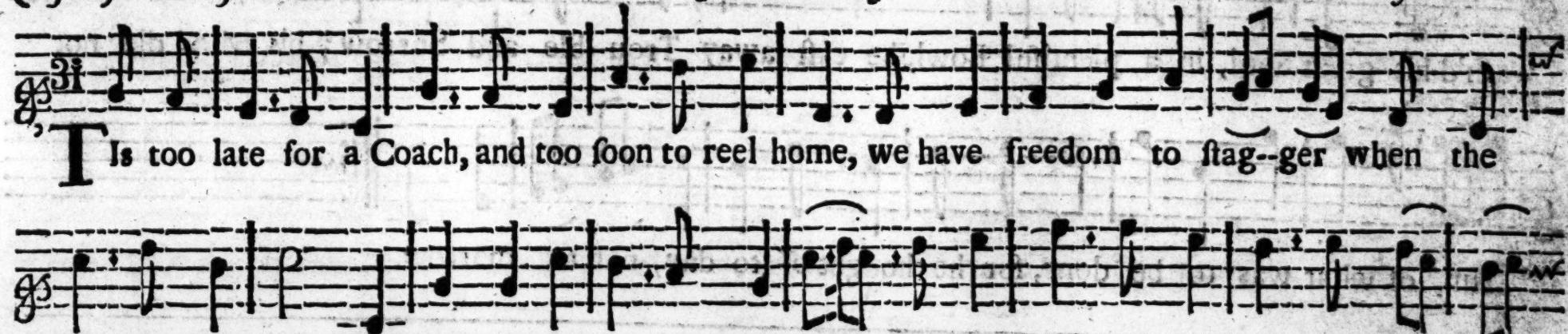


on—ly re—mains, our un—quencha—ble Fire.

(38) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

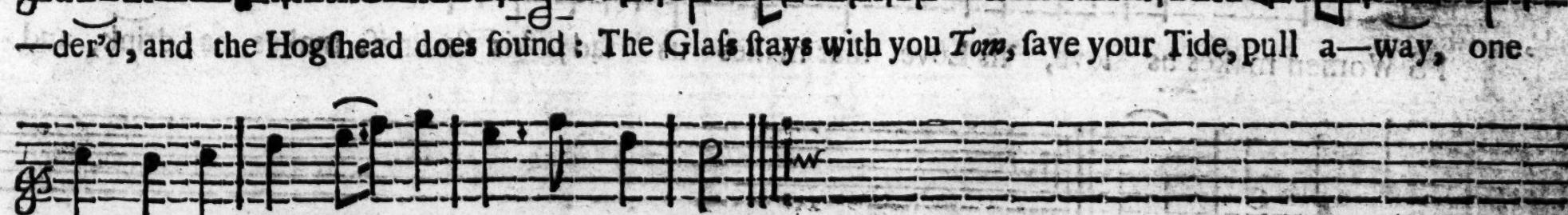
Mr. Henry Purcell.



T Is too late for a Coach, and too soon to reel home, we have freedom to stag—ger when the



Town is our own; let's whirl it away, and whip Six—pen—ces round, till the Drawers are foun—



—der'd, and the Hogshead does sound: The Glass stays with you Tom, save your Tide, pull a—way, one

Minute of Mid-night is worth a whole Day;

(39) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



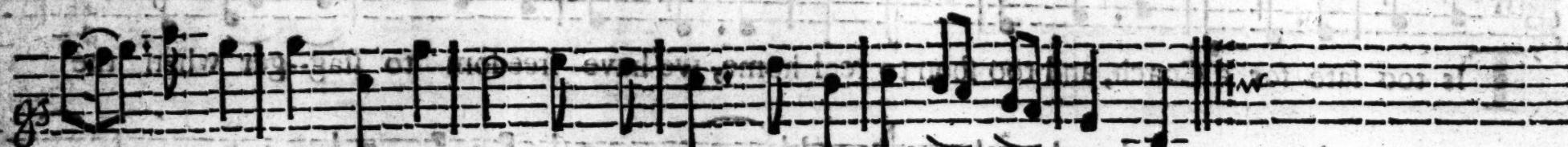
The Macedon Youth left behind him This truth, That no-thing was done with much thinking ; He



drank, and he fought, and he got what he fought, and the World was his own by fair drink-ing : He



wash'd his great Soul, in a plentiful Bowl, he cast away Trou-ble and Sorrow ; his Mind did not



run, of what was to be done, for he thought of to day, not to morrow.

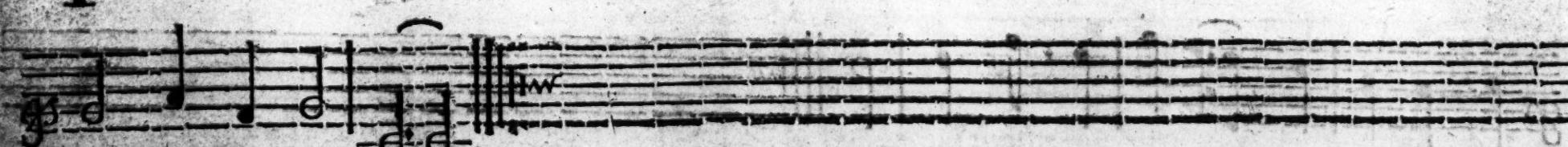
(40) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Tis Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us sad, 'tis Sad-ness makes us drink, and



drinking makes us mad.

(41) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Young Collin cleaving of a Beam, at ev'ry thumping, thumping blow, cry'd Hem! and told his Wife, and



told his Wife, and told his Wife who the cause wou'd know, that Hem made the Wedge much farther go. Plump



Joan when at Night to Bed they came, and both were play——ing at the same, cry'd Hem! Hem!



Hem! prethee, prethee, prethee, Collin do, if e-ver thou Love'dst me, Dear Hem now; he Laughing



answer'd no, no, no; some Work will splitt, will split with half a blow; beside now I Bore, now I Bore,



* now I Bore, now, now, now, I Bore, I Hem when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

L. M. March.

Mr. G. Purcell.

Once, Twice, Thrice I *Ju-his* try'd, the scorn-ful Puff as oft de-n'y'd, and
since, and since I can no bet-ter, bet-ter thrive, I'll crin-ge to ne'er a *Bitch* a *Lap*
—live, so kiss my *Bum*, so kiss my Ar—, so kiss my Ar--, so kiss my Ar-- dis-dain--ful Sow, good
Claret, good Claret is my Mi--stress now.

(43) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

Let's live good honest Lives, and make much of our Wives; and since all Flesh is Grass, let's merrily, merrily
merrily crink our Glass: God bless our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope,

(43) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

Musical notation for a four-part vocal piece. The music consists of two staves of five-line staff paper. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music features eighth-note patterns and dynamic markings like 'P' and 'PP'. The lyrics are: 'the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Jesuits, Jews or Turks? For we de-fie the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil and all his works.'

(44) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

Musical notation for a three-part vocal piece. The music consists of two staves of five-line staff paper. The first staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music features eighth-note patterns and dynamic markings like 'S.' and 'P.s.'. The lyrics are: 'MY. Ladies Coachman John, be'ng Maried to her maid; her Ladyship did hear on't, and to him thus She said, and to him thus She said; I never had a Wench so handsom in my life, I prethee therefore tell me, I'

Continuation of the musical notation for the three-part vocal piece. The music consists of two staves of five-line staff paper. The first staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music features eighth-note patterns and dynamic markings like 'S.' and 'P.s.'. The lyrics are: 'prethee therefore tell me how got you such a Wife? John star'd her in the Face, and answer'd ve---ry blunt, e'en as my Lord got you, How's that? Why by the —'

(45) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

(46) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

(46) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



(47) A Rebus upon Mr. Anthony Hall, who keeps the Mermaid Tavern in Oxford, and plays his Part very well on the Violin. The Words by Mr. Tomlinson. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

✓

Fiddle, the Sign he hangs out is half Fish, and half Flesh, and he sels as true Wine as good Fellow can wish.

*Insecta præcauta, alterius merda
Dant fratri prænomen (dum verba absurdæ)
Cognomen triticinum quo medio fit Ignis.
Multiq; ferunt est Tibicen insignis
Vexilla sunt, magna Bicarnea mundi;
Vinum, quod vendit, optarent potabundæ.*

(48) A. 3. Voc.

[The London Constable.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



W^Ho comes there? stand; who comes there? stand; and come before the Constable, we'll know what you



are: What makes you out so late? says the Midnight Magistrate, with a Noddle full of Ale in a



wooden Chair of State. Whence come you Sir? and whether do you go? you may be Sir, a Je-su-ⁿ for



ought I know. You may as well, Sir, take me for a Ma-bo-me-tan, he speaks Latin, secure him



he's a dangerous Man. To tell you the truth, Sir, I am an honest Tory; but here's a



Crown to drink, and there's an end of the Story. Good morrow, Sir, a ci-vil Man is al-ways

(48) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



welcome, go Bar-na-by Bounce, light the Gentleman home.

(49) A. 3. Voc.

[Upon Christ-Church Bells in Oxford.]



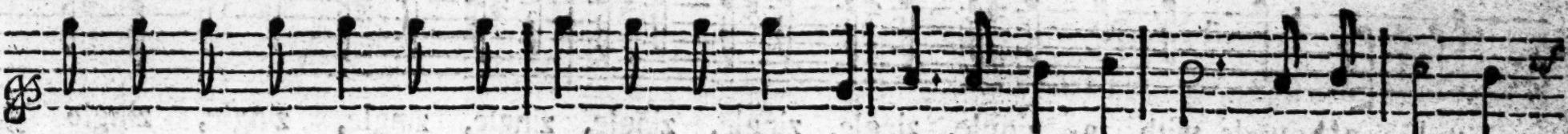
H Ark! the Bonny Christ-Church Bells 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, they sound so woundy great, so wond'rous



sweet, and they troul fo mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Hark! the first and second Bell that e-ver y day at



Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops before the Dean:



Tingle, tingle, ting goes the small Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers home; but the Dev'l a



Man will leave his Can, till her hears the mighty Tom.

(50) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Hr. H. Purcell.



O F all, all the Instruments, all, all, all the Instruments that are, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none,

none, none, none, none, none with the *Viol* can compare; mark, mark, mark, mark how the



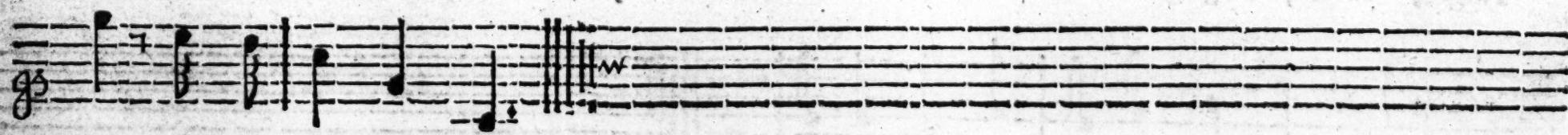
Strings, how the Strings their or-der keep, with a whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet,



whet, whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep ; but above all, all, all, all, all, all, all this



still a bounds, with a zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle



zing, and a zit zan zounds.

(51) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon Small Beer.]



I F all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to club strongly in behalf of



Small Beer, Small Beer, in be-half of hey did-dle, ho diddle, hey, Small Beer; it wou'd all be too



lit-tle the Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Mettre what it wants in Malt: The French call it



Little Beer, and we call it Small, and we call, we call it Small and some sort of People never



call for't at all; But I wish all those once, at least for a warning, Strong o-ver night, much



Strong over night, and no, no Small the next morning.

[A Catch by way of Epistle.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



To all Lovers of Musick Performers and Scrapers, to those that love Catches, play Tunes and cut Capers.



With a New Catch I greet you, and tho' I say it that shou'dn't, like a Fiddle, 'tis Musick, tho' the



Words are but wood'n'd. But my Brother John Playford and I shall present you, e'er long with a Book, I pre-



-sume, will con-tent you. 'Tis true, we know well the Sale of good Musick; But to hear us per-



-form wou'd make Him sick or You sick. My maggot Man Sam, at the first Temple-Gate, will



further in-form you, if not, my Wife Kate; from between the two Devils near Temple.—

(52)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



—Bar, I rest Your Friend and Servant John Carr.

(53) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon a Liquor call'd Punch.]

Mr. Tho. Tudway.



You may talk of brisk Claret, sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of Old Hock, Mum, Sider and Perry,



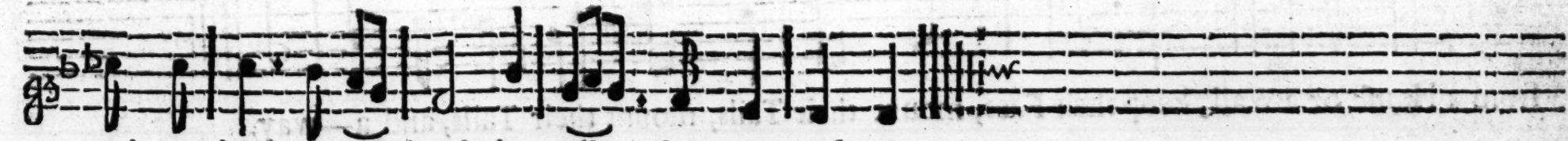
but you must drink Punch if you mean to be merry : A Bowl of this Liquor the Gods be-ing all at,



thought good we shou'd know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their Highnesses Pallat. Then



thanks to the Gods, those Tiplers above us, they've taught us to drink, and therefore they love us,



and to drink ve-ry hard is all they crave of us,

(54) A. 3. Voc.

[*A Catch on the Midnight Cats.*]

Mr. Mich. Wise.



YE Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other, who best feel the Pangs of a pa-s-sionate Lover; I ap-



—peal to your Scratches and tattered Fur, if the bus'ness of Love be no more than to Pur. Old La-



—dy Grimmalkin, with Goosberry Eyes, when a Kitten knew something for why she was wise; you



find by experience the Love-fit's soon o'er, Puss, Puss, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore. Men ride many



Miles, Cats treads many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray; on-ly Cats, if they fall



from a House or a Wall, keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and a-way.

(55) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Room, room, room, room, room for th' ex—press at length here it comes; Limrick's our own,



Limrick's our own, be it known, be it known to all Grums. Hark! hark! hark! the



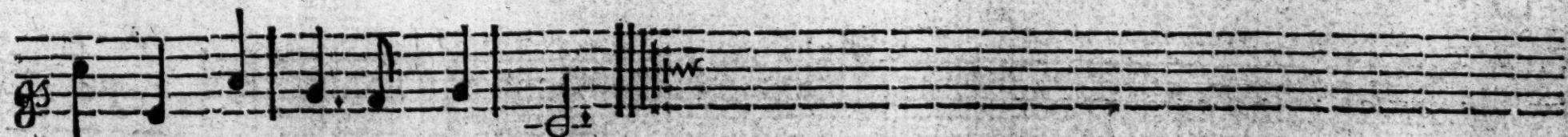
Guns of the Tower ring, ring it in peals, we'll drink round the Bonfires, we'll drink round the



Bonfires, Huz—za, Huz—za to the Bells, to our con-quering Army loud Praises, lou———



———d Praises let's Sing, and now Monsieur French-man, and now Monsieur French-man have



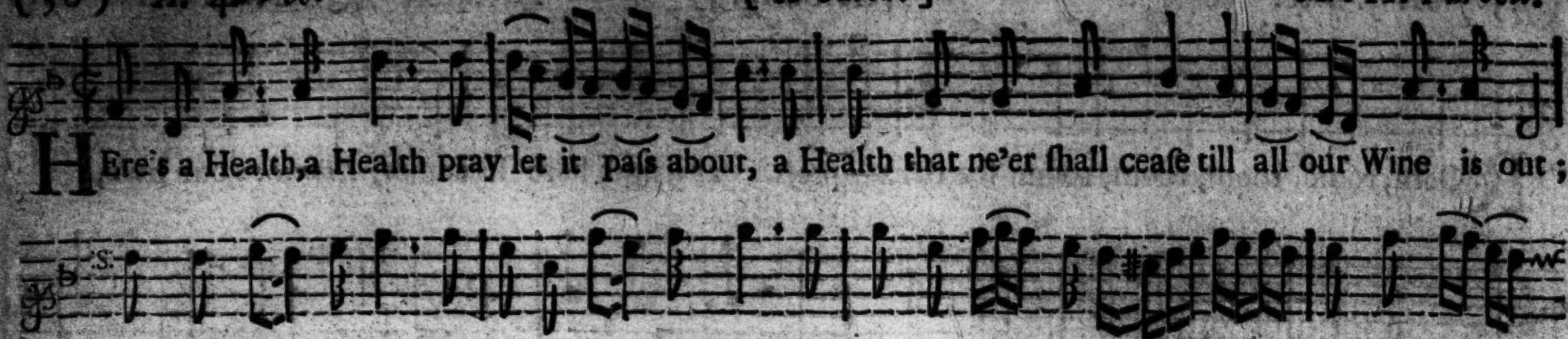
+ at you, have at you next Spring.

M

(56) A. 4th Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



H ere's a Health, a Health pray let it pass about, a Health that ne'er shall cease till all our Wine is out;



Therefore drink away and never let it stand, but ply it close-ly roun—d, from hand to



hand, and eagerly, and bravely with courage thus persue it, for 'tis a Health, a Health, to ho-nest



Ruddy Ro-gger Hewett.

(57) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



S IR Walter En—joying his Damsel one Night, He tickl'd, and pleas'd her to so great a height;



that she cou'd not con—tain t'wards the end of the matter, but in Rapture cry'd out O

(57)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir, sweet Sir Walter, O switter swatter,



switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter. Sir. &c.

(58) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



LET us Drink, let us Drink to the Blades Intrench'd on the Shannon, discharge our full Glasses



as they their whole Cannon: Ev'ry Health shall be Flou——rish'd with Trumpets and Drums,



and our Bumpers go off in Pledge to their Bombs, see the Town in a Blaze, now our Faces, our



* Fa——ces Resembles, and at both the pale Monsieur, poor Mac and Tongue Trembles.

(59) A. J. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Belch.

Belch.

Belch.



Pox on you, pox on you, pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy, cannot I belch, cannot



I belch and Fart, you Coxcomb, to ease me : what if I let fly in your Face and shall please ye ? Fogh,



fogh, fogh, fogh, how sow'r he smells ; now he's at it, now he's at it a-gain ; out ye Beast, out ye Beast, I



never met so nasty a Man, I'm not a ble to bear it, what the Devil dy'e mean? no less than a Cæsar, no



less than a Cæsar, no, no, no, less than a Cæsar, decree'd with great reason, no restraint, no restraint shou'd be



laid on the Bum or the Weason, for Belching and Farting were always in season.



(61) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



A S Roger last night to Jenny lay close, he pull'd out his Budget and gave her a dose; the tickling no



sooner kind Jenny did find, but with laughing she purg'd both before and behind. Pox take it quoth



Roger, he must himself be be-side, that gives Pills, Pills, against Wind and 'gainst Tide.

(62) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch]



A Fidler and Fuddler are always to-gether, like Fidler and case there was both or else neither; u—



—nited companions the like never known, and may be com-pared to two parts in one, the Fidler did



Fuddle, and the Fuddler did Fiddle, a U.-ni-son sure doth un-rid-dle the Riddle.

(63) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



A Ron thus propos'd to Moses, come let us fuddle, fuddle our Noses: Moses reply'd again to A-ron, 'twill



do us more harm then you are aware on, Wine has a Cæ-lestial Charm in't, therefore there can be no



harm in't, if you wou'd be A-ron's Brother, then whip off this Bottle, and call for a—nother.

(64) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



H Ere where is my Landlord? a pot of good Drink, but faith you must trust, for we have no Chink, in-



--deed, Sir you look like a ve-ry good fellow, but I cannot trust without white or yellow, the yellow I have



none, and as for the white make use of your Chalk, and so a good night.

(65) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Eccles.

Confusion, confusion, to the pow'r of Cupid; brisk Wine, brisk Wine ne'er made a Mortal stupid;
Drink, drink, drink, drink, while sober sots look pale, condemn'd to Claps, condemn'd to Claps and foggy Ale.
a pox of Love, a pox of Love, there's nothing in it, a Bumper gives the happy, happy Minute.

(66) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Dr. John Wilson.

To See on Fire a boyling Pot, that is the news we do not need; a Sloven's Nose that's
full of Shot, that's no News, 'tis so agree'd: But to see a Man knit a T—in—to a
True-lover's Knot, Oh! that's News to laugh at indeed.

(67) A. 3. Voc.

[Cælia Learning on the Spinet.]

Mr. John Ifam.



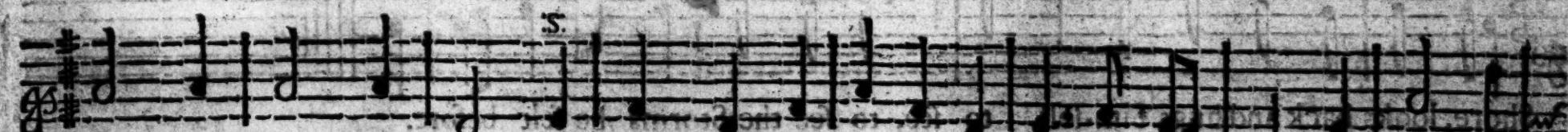
When Cælia was Learning on the Spinet to play, her Tutor stood by her to show her,



to show her, to show her, to show her the way; she shook not the Note which



angered him much, and made him, and made him cry Zounds 'tis a long prick, a long prick, a



long prick'd Note you touch; sup-priz'd was the Lady to hear him complain: and said, and



said, and said, I will shake it, I will shake it when I come to't again.



(68) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Gillier.



(69) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch, the Words by Cob. Allistree.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



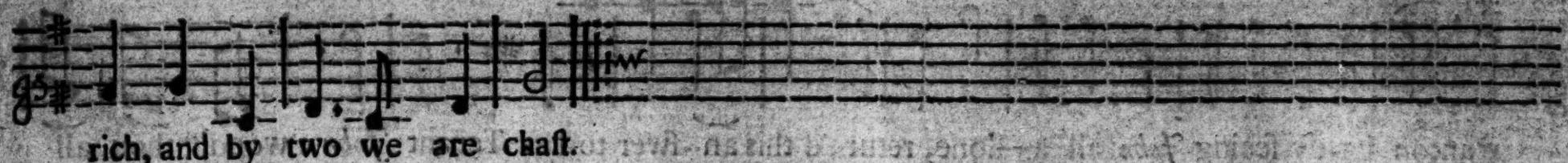
(69) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



ends in a Pill : Then hey for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne'er waste, by a Bumper we're



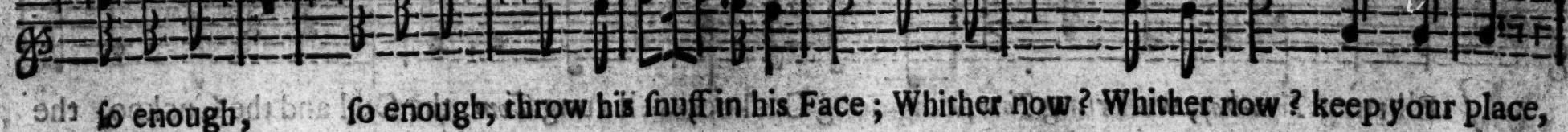
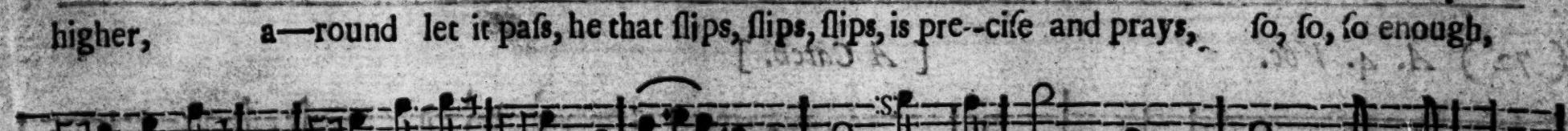
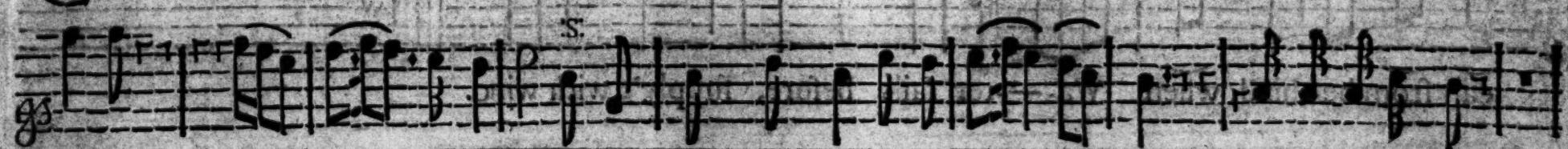
(70) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Gilbert.



Crown the Glass, Crown the Glass, fill, fill it a little higher, a little higher, a little



Drink it off,

Drink it off,

Drink it off, I'll not bate you an Ace.

(71) A. 4. Voc.

[[John the Miller.]

Musical score for 'John the Miller.' featuring four staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a tenor clef. The key signature changes from G major to F# major and back to G major. The time signature is common time throughout.

John ask'd his Landlady, thinking no ill, where he might best set up a Water-mill; the
wanton La-dy seeing John all a—lone, return'd this an-swer to her Tenant John: woud'st thou all
others thy Mill shou'd disgrace? Then 'twixt my Legs will be the fittest place; for I at time of need
can from be-hind, when Wa-ter fails before, supply't with wind.

(72) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Musical score for 'A Catch.' featuring four staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a tenor clef. The key signature changes from G major to F# major and back to G major. The time signature is common time throughout.

Well rung Tom-boy, well rung Tom, ding-dong Cuckoo, well rung Tom; the Owl and the Cuckoo, the
Fool and the Song, well sung, Cuckoo, well rung Tom.

(73) A Rebus on Mr. Hen. Purcell's Name, by Mr. Tomlinson.
Sett to Musick by Mr. John Lenton.

The Mate to a Cock, and Corn tall as Wheat is his Christian Name, who in Mu-sick's Com-
—pleat; his Surname begins with the Grace of a Cat, and concludes with the House of a Hermit
note that; his Skill and Per-formance each Au-di-tor Wins, but the Po-et deserves a good
kick on the Shins.

Galli marita par tritico seges,
Prænomen est ejus, dat chromati leges
Inrat cognomen, blanditiis Cati,
Exit Eremi in Edibus stali,
Expertum effectum omnes admirantur
Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcemur.

(74) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon **NOTHING.**]



Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you ; but come by the Wheel of For-



-tune, without a ny design or intent you : It happen'd that once the Author his Head was exceeding



hot ; a Catch he resolv'd he wou'd make, he wou'd make and he cou'd-n't tell of what. He thought of the



Smoak the Weed affords, and it vanish'd all a-way : he thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and



yet he found nothing to say. He thought of a thousand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account. He



thought of the Pot, and he thought of the plot, but nothing wou'd come on't. At last he resolv'd, tho'

(74) A. 3. Voc.

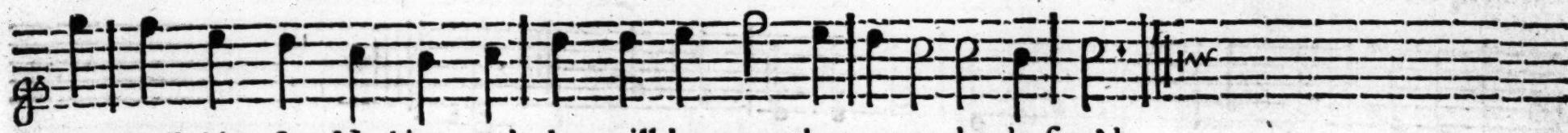
[A Catch]



nothing wou'd do, that nothing shou'd put him by Sir; but nothing to purpose of Nothing he'd write, and



no body shou'd be the wiser: 'Tis nothing to you if he wou'd do so, and if Nothing's in't you find;



then thank him for Nothing, and that will be more than e-ver he de-sign'd.

(75) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



W hose 3. Hogg's are these, are these, and whose 3. Hogg's are these? They are John Cooks, I know



by their looks, for I found them in my Pease.

Oh! Pound them, oh! Pound them, but I dare not for my life,
For if I shou'd Pound John Cooks Hogg's, I shou'd never Kiss John Cooks Wife;

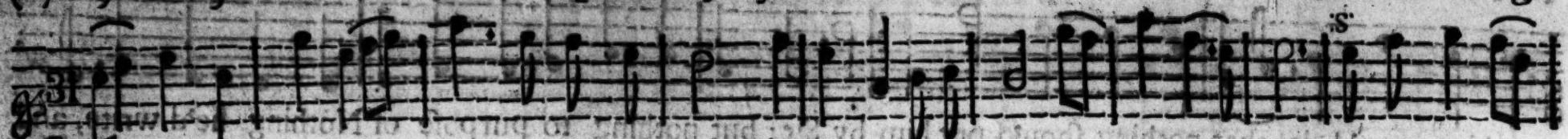
Cho. But as for John Cooks Wife, I'll say no more than mum,
Then here's to thee, thou first Hogg until the Second come.

Note: These two lines are to be Sung thrice with these Words at last, [I prithee man take him home.]

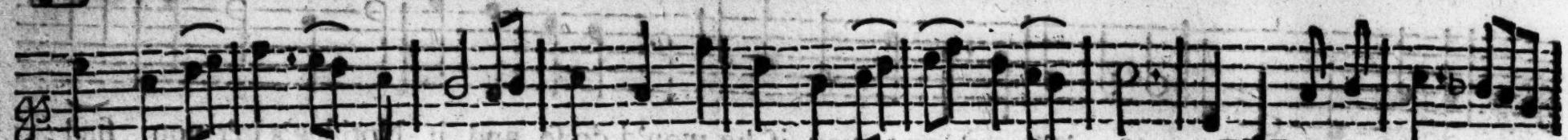
(76). A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of White-wine,]

Mr. John Reading.



Et Chrystral White-wine cheer the drowsy Mind, 'tis Claret only leaves a stain be-hind; in the use of



which, we do *Bacchus* disgrace, we make the God mortal by painting his Face: He's not like a God, whose

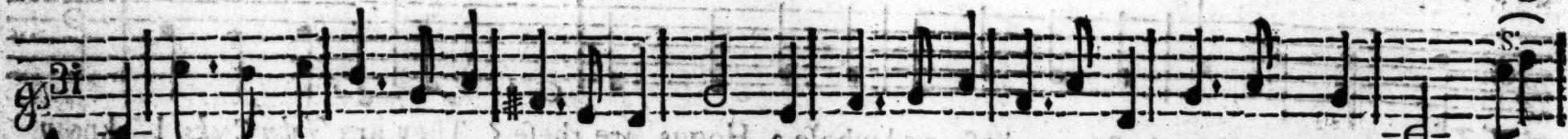


Image is red; o're Night his Cheeks blush in the Morning they're dead.

(77). A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of Claret.]

Mr. John Reading.



A Hogshead was offer'd to *Bacchus* his Shrine, the God was of-fended because 'twas White-wine; then



curs'd in a passion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did'st ever know *Bacchus* drink other than Claret? So the jolly red



God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hogshead to shite in.

(78) A. 3. Voc.

[On a Scolding Wife.]

Musical score for 'On a Scolding Wife.' The score consists of two staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics describe a wife with a sharp tongue who bids her husband be hanged; she's ugly, old, and a cursed scold with a damnednable tongue and tail. If they fail, the Devil shall have her gratis.

My Wife has a Tongue as good as e'er twang'd, at ev'ry Word she bids me be hang'd ; she's
ug-ly, she's old, and a cursed Scold, with a dam--nable Nunquam sa-tis ; for her Tongue and her
Tail, if e-ver they fail, the Dee'l shall have her Gratis.

(79) A. 3. Voc.

[Judith and Holifernes.]

Mr. Mich. Wife.

Musical score for 'Judith and Holifernes.' The score consists of two staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics tell the story of Judith killing Holofernes in bed, pulling out his Falchion, and cutting off his head because he'd have made her his whore.

When Judith had laid Ho-li fer-nes in Bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head ; the reason is
plain, he'd have made her his Whore, so she cut off his Head as I told you before, as I told you before.

(80) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch, on the London Watermen.]

Mr. Barth. Isaack.



Will you go by Water, Sir? I'm the next Sculler; go with my Fare up Westward, Sir, my Boat shall



be no fuller: Next Oars, Sir, next Oars; whether is't you go? To Fox-ball or Westminster, or



Through-Bridge hoa? Pray Master Trim the Boat, and sit a little higher; you have a handsom



Woman by you, me-thinks you might sit nigher! Come Boy, lay the Stretcher, and sit down to your



Oar; You Sir! will you change a Rogue for a Whore? You Sculler! look before you, with a-pox t'ye



hold water; look! look! the Rogue runs foul of us, remember this hereafter: Come land us

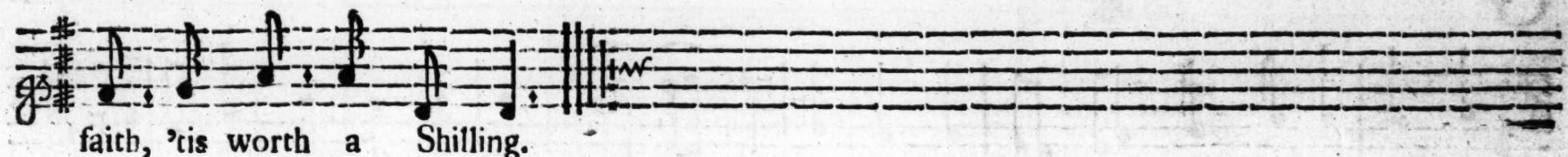
(81) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Barth. Isaack.



here at Kings-Bridge, Ay Sir, if you're willing : Here Wa—ter-man ther's Six-pence ; Good



faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

(81) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch in Praise of Mum.]



T Here's an odd sort of Liquor new come from Hamborough, 'twill stich a whole Wapentake



thorough and thorough, 'tis yellow, and likewise as bit—ter as Gall, and as strong as six



Hor—ses, Coach and all; As I told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a Drum; you'd fain know the



Name on't, but for that my friend, M U M.

(82) A. 4. Voc. [A Catch on Tobacco; Sung by 4 Men while smoaking their Pipes.]



G Cod! good indeed! the Herb's good Weed; fill thy Pipe Will, and I prithee Sam



fill, for sure we may smoak, and yet sing still, and yet sing still. What say the Learned? What



say the Learned? *Vita fumus; vita fumus;* 'tis what you and I, and he and I;



you, and he, and I, and all of us *Sumus.* But then to the Learned; say we a-gain, If



Life's a Smoak as they maintain, if Life's a Vapour, without doubt, when a Man does dye, they



shou'd not cry, that, His Glass is run, but, His Pipe is out. But whether we smoke, or whether we

(82) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



sing, let's be Loyal, and re-mem-ber the King ; let him live and let his Foes vanish, thus, thus, thus, like,



like a Pipe, like a Pipe of Spanish; thus, thus, like a Pipe of Spanish.

(83) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

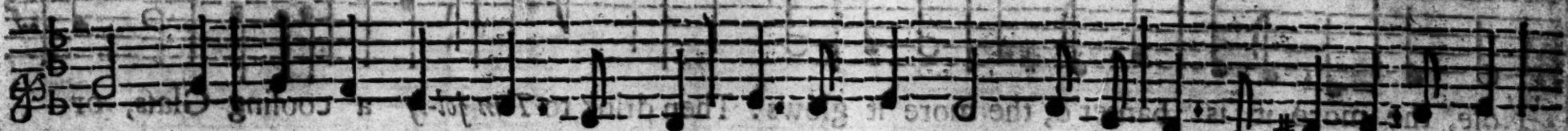
Mr. John Jackson.



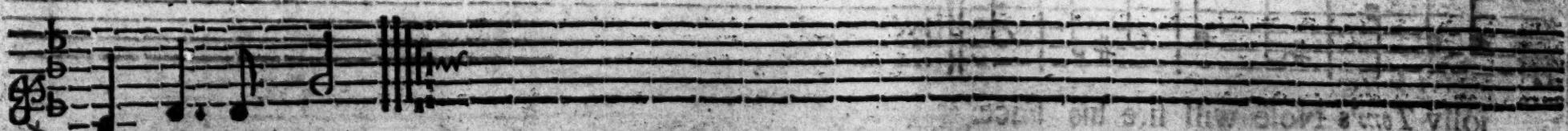
W hen a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does wed, 'tis a madness to think she'll be true to his



Bed : for who can re-fist a Gallant that is young, and a Man A-lamode in his Garb, and his



Tongue , His Looks have such Charms, and his Language such Force, that the drowsy Mechanick's a

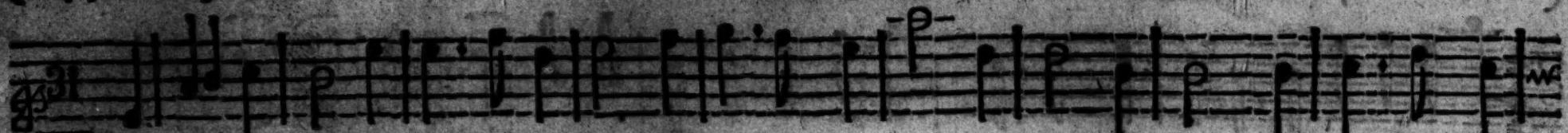


Cuckold of course.

R

(84) A. 3. Voc.

[Tom Jolly's Nose.]



Tom Jolly's Nose I mean to a-buse, thy jol-ly Nose Tom provokes my Muse; thy Nose jol-ly



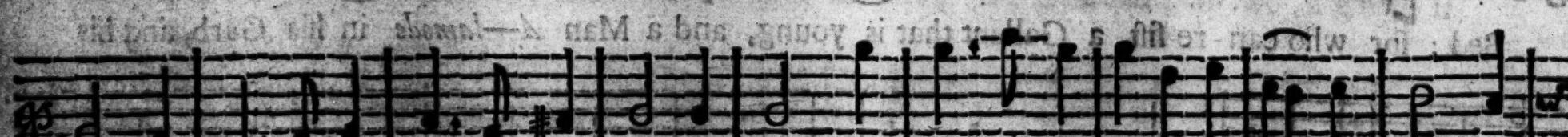
Tom that shines so bright, I'll ea--si--ly fol--low it by its own light: Thy Nose Tom Jol-ly



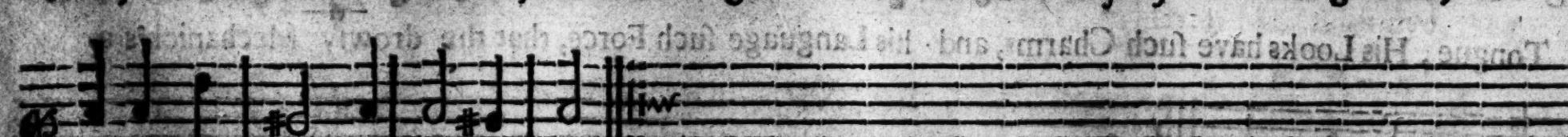
no Jest it will bear, al-though it yields Matter enough, and to spear; but jol-ly Tom's



Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too. Tom's Nose, jol-ly Tom's



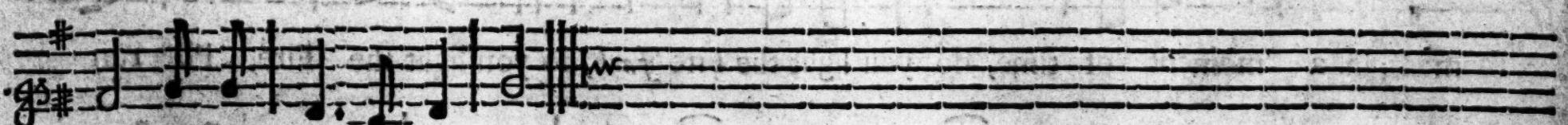
Nose, the more it is banter'd, the more it glows: Then drink to Tom jol-ly a cooling Glass, or



jolly Tom's Nose will fire his Face,

(85) A. 3. Voc.

[Answer to Tom Jolly's Nose.]



(86) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.



Come Boy, Boy, come Boy, boy, light a Faggot, the Ev'nings are cold, bring a Flask that's well clad;



bring a Flask that's well clad in a Coat of blew Mold. You shall have it, you shall have it, dear Sir, in a



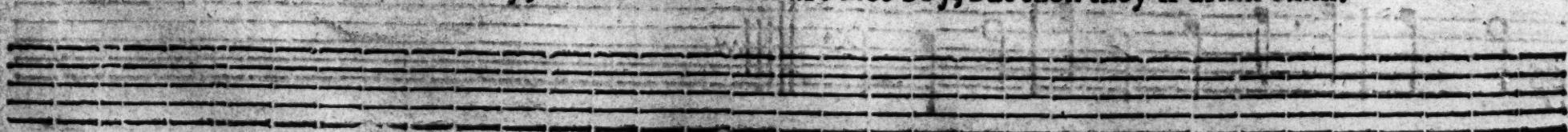
moment, in a moment of time, do you light the Fire Jack, do you light the Fire, I'll run



down for the Wine; Let's oblige our kind Masters, kind Masters, we'll bleed 'em, we'll bleed 'em a



—non, their Palates now are nice boy, their Palates now are nice boy, but then they'll drink Shim.



(88) A. 3. Voc.

[*A Catch on the London Coopers.*]

Mr. Richard Brown.



We Travel ev'ry street, on the souls of our feet, with our Hoops upon our Shoulders, We



jol-ly Traders meet, We jol-ly Traders meet. Our Adds sticks in our Girdle, our Drivers in our



hand, and thus we ask the Fair Maids how Tite their Vessels, how Tite their Vessels stand; And



if a Lass proves Leaky 'tis known we soon can Hoop her, which done yet still We loudly cry,



work for the Cooper, a—ny work for the Cooper.



AT the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the Guards went the Round, and the Ta-ta-ta-too,



Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-too, was beat, the Ta-ta-ta-ta-



—ta-too, was beat : But now yonder Stars ap-pear in the Sky, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra.ra, is sounded on high—, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is sounded on high ; we shall soon be Reliev'd, then drink, drink away, then dri—



nk away, then dri—nk, drink, drink a-way ; here, here's to you, and to you, and to

(89) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

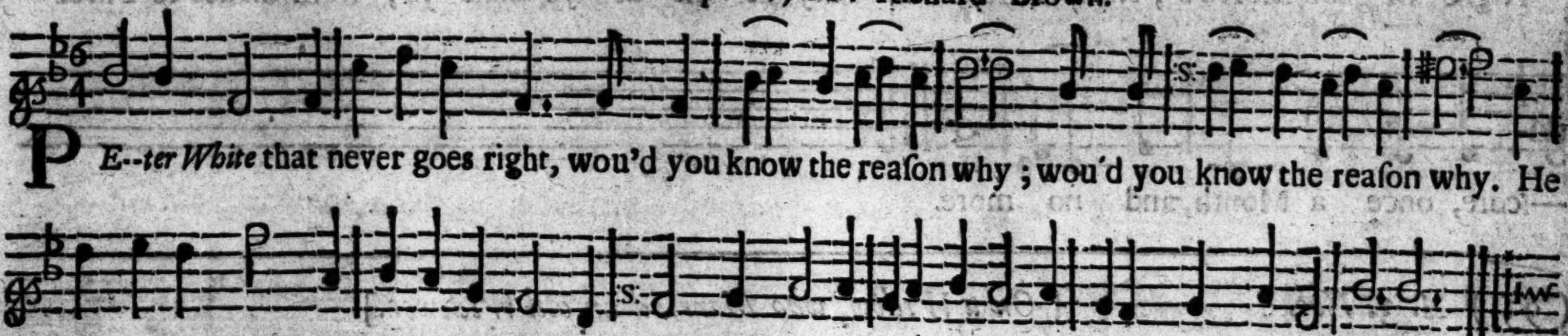


you, let us drink, let us drink till 'tis day, let, let us drink till 'tis day,

(90) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch on a Man with a Wry Nose.]

Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.



P E-ter White that never goes right, wou'd you know the reason why ; wou'd you know the reason why. He



follows his Nose where ever he goes, and that stands all a-wry, a-wry, and that stands all a-wry.

(91) A. 4. Voc.

[The Almanack Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown.



W Ar begets Poverty, Po-ver-ty Peace, Peace maketh Riches flow, Fate ne'er doth cease. Riches



+ produce Pride, Pride is War's ground, War begeteth Poverty the world goes round.

(92) A. 3. Voc.

[Counsel for Married Folks.]

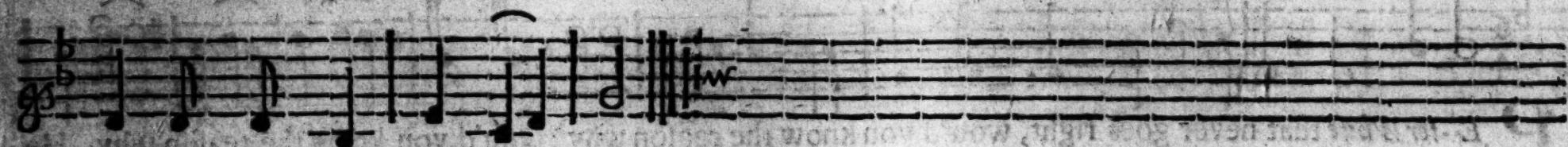
Mr. Mich. Wife.



From Twenty to Thir-ty, good Night and good Morrow; from Thir-ty to For-ty good



Night or good Morrow; from Forty to Fifty as oft as ye Shift ye; from thence to Three-



—score, once a Month, and no more.

(93) A. 3. Voc.

[On a Widow, who Married an old Widower.]



Had she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man; she



wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she lifted him on: But



Oh! how she nigl'd him, nigl'd him, nig-l'd him! Oh! how she nigl'd him all the Night long!



(25) 4-3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Dr. John Blow.

IN a Cellar in S—d at the sign of the T—, two buxson young Harlots were drinking with L—; some
say the were Daughters, no matter for that, they resolv'd they wou'd souse their old dad with a Pot; All
fluster'd and bousy the frolicksom lot, as great as a Monarch betwech'em was got, till the oldest and wi—
—est thus open'd the Plot, pray shew us dear Daddy how we were begot, gads zooks ye young jades 'twas the
first oath I wot, the Devil of the Serpent this, venome hath taught, no matter they cry'd you 'shall
pawn for the shot, unless you will show us how we were be-got.

(96) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown



Come Jack drink, drink, drink, drink a-bout, take it off with a grace, no Ru-bie compares with a



Carbuncle Face; no Sipping nor Spitting, no Sipping nor Spitting like a squemish young Bride,



take a Pint that's a brimmer and a-way the next Tide, then Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring for the



drawer, rowse the rogue from his sleep 'tis a folly to stir now whilst day-light doth peep.

(97) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

S.



I Lay with an old Man all the Night, I turn'd to him, and he to me; he could not do so



* well as he should, but he would fain, but it would not be.

(98) A. 3. Voc.

[Tom Tory and Titus.]



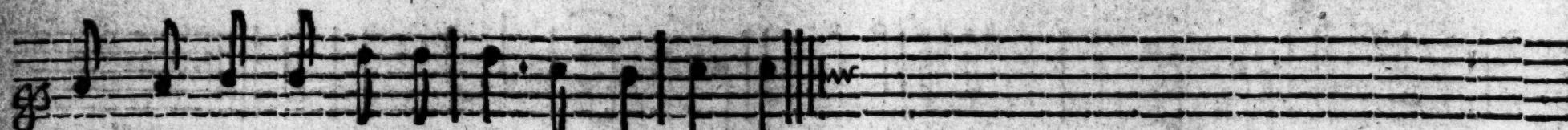
Tom To-rry told Ti-tus, The Whigs did de-sign, to murder the King, and subvert the Right-



—Line: quoth the Doctor, in a fury, you're a raf-cal-ly Sot, Sir, did ever you hear of



a Pro-testant Plot, Sir! Marry have I, quoth Tom, and I migh-ty fear it; You're a Je-su-it,



quoth the Doctor, if you vex me, I'll, swear it.

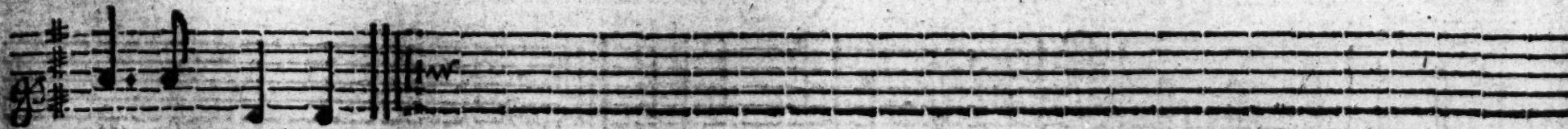
(99) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Lenton.



L E T us love and drink our Liquor, we shall spend our Means the quicker, here's to thee, kind



Friend, a Nicker.



Come hear me, hear me, hear me; come hear me, hear me my Boy, hast a mind to live



long, to live long, to live long, take a dose of brisk Claret, and part, part of a Song; a



Generous Heart good Wine does impart, come hear me, hear me, hear me, a Generous heart good



Wine does impart, and a Time to good Musick is beat by the Heart; let each be con-



tent; come hear me, hear me, let each be content, with his own proper store, and keep our selves



honest, keep our selves honest tho' the world keeps us poor.

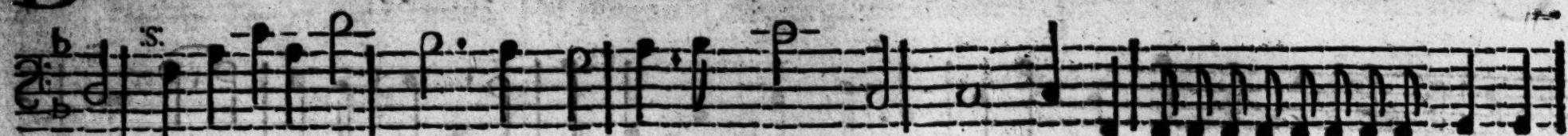
(102) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

(101)



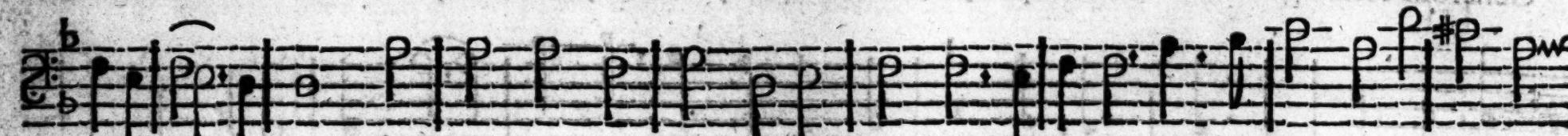
Doth thou not remember Ned how often we have heard, a Natural Chorus of Brutes in Father Dodwell's



Yard; Cock-a-doodle-do, cry'd the Cock, and the Duck quack, quack, Cobble, :::: :::: :::: :::: cry'd the



Turkey-Cock, Wehee :::: the Hack; and the little Chick peep, peep, peep, what ails the poor Creatures



such a coil to keep? Ev'n that, that once made the Thirteen Cows to bellow, and to keep to our Author,



here's to thee my good fellow.

(103) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



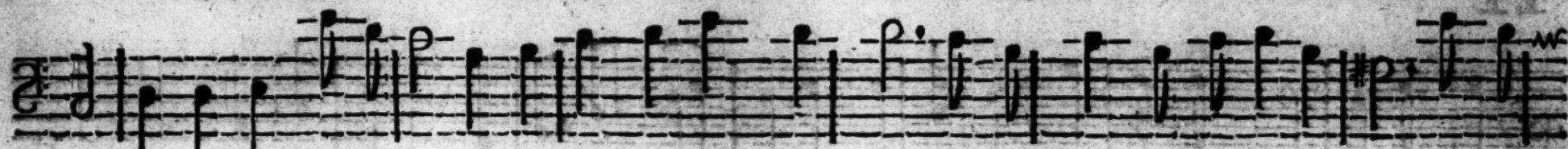
Our Friend at the Mermaid's down, down, at Punt's there is evil Sack, 'tis Poison all at the Crown; at

(103) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Fifes let us take thy motion, Will is good, as to what concerns the Cyder, but then there's a thing in a Hood



no flesh a live can abide her, the Liquor's wholesome, right, 'tis a Purge and a Vomit too, for the



Liquor will make a Man S—, make him S—, and the Landlady make him Spew.

(104) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Taking his Beer with Old Anacharsis, quoth surly Swash buckler you Wife Sir mine A— is, Vous avez quoth



Sage, she's a homely brown Lass, but after a bumper or two she may pass : Th'advice was so right, it con-



verted Sir Knight, who all his life after Drank Satur—day Night.

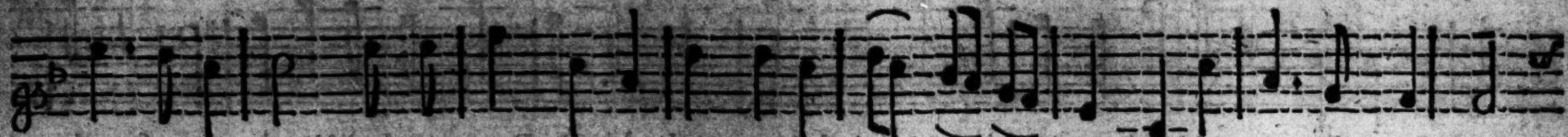
(105) 4. 3. Voc.

[*The Queens Health.*]

Mr. Jeremy Clarke.



H Ere's a Health to Queen Ann, Who has said from the Throne, that Her Heart is true. English as



well as our own; that Her Heart is true English, Her Heart is true English, as well as our own;



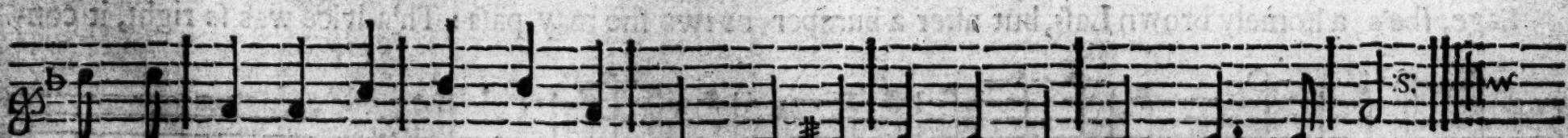
And the Church fix't by Law is resolv'd to maintain; thro' the course of Her Life, and the course of Her



Reign; thro' the course of Her Life, thro' the course of Her Life, and the course of Her Reign; Thus we



need not to fear a-ny danger to come, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home;



while our Arms Rule abroad, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home.



Let the grave folks go Preach, that our lives are but short, and tell us much Wine, speedy Death does in-



vite; but we'll be reveng'd before-hand with them for't, and crowd a Life's Mirth in the space of a Night:



Then stand all about with your Glasses full crown'd, till ev'-ry thing else to our Posture do grow; till our



Cups and our Heads, and the whole House go round, and the Celler becomes where the Chamber is now.



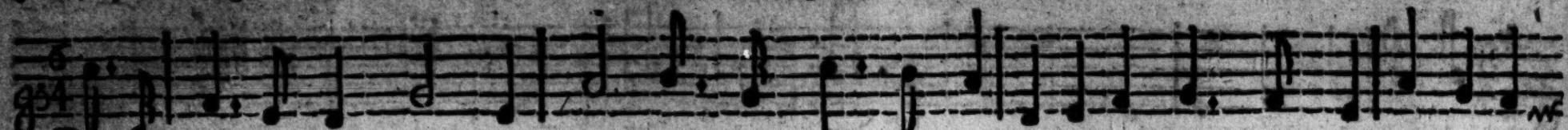
The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown, shall be Rivalld by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder



that Mortals can fud--dle a--way, more Wine in a night than he Wa-ter i'th' day.

(107) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon a Coffe-Mill.]



In this Mill you may Grind, may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind, without Water or



Wind you may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind. But the best, best way to Grind, to Grind is 'twixt



Water and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind; where tho' never so of-ten the



Hopper, the Hop—per you fill, you'll still find there's wanting more Grist, more Grist, more Grist to the Mill.

(108) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Jeremy Clarke.



In Drinking full Bumper there is no deceit, then let's not re-pine at our sit-ing up late;



Come light all your Pipes, up, no Sun we do need, we can see what we Drink by the

(108) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

light of the Weed, may our Jolly Club ne'er by In-truders be broke, then our sor-row in
clouds shall af-^cend like our Stoak.

(109) A. 3. Voc.

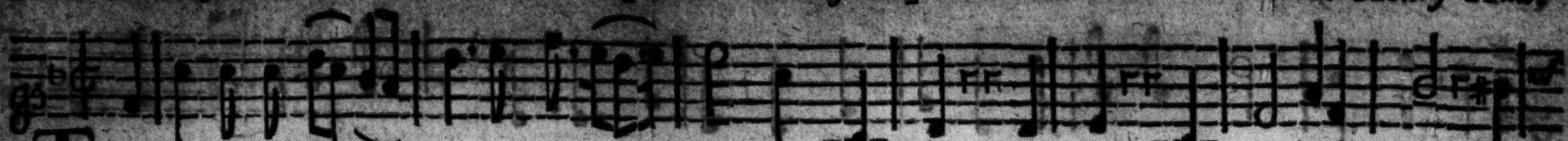
[A Catch.]

S Ay, good Master Bacchus, a-stride on you Butt, since our Champagn's all gone, and our
Claret's run out; Which of all the brisk Wines in you Empire that grow, will serve to de-
—light your poor Drunkards be-low? Resolve us, Grave Sir, and soon send it o-ver, lest we
dye, lest we dye of the Sin of be'nt Sober.

(110) 4. Voc.

[Tom the Taylor.]

Mr. Henry Hall.



Tom making a Manteua for a Lass of Pleasure, pull'd out, pull'd out, pull'd out his Long, his



Long and lawful Measure; but quickly found tho' woun-di-ly straight-lac'd Sir, Nine Inches, Nine



Inches, Nine Inches, Nine Inches wou'd not half sur-round her waist Sir; Three In-ches more at



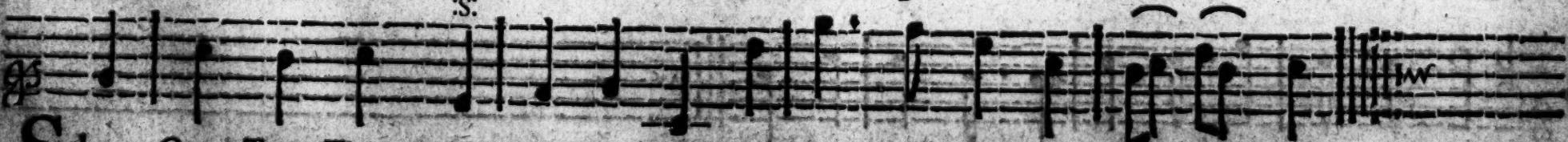
length Brisk Tom ad-van-ces, yet all, yet all too short, yet all, all, all too short, all too short;



yet all too short, all too short to reach her swinging Hances.

(111) A. 4. Voc. i bus. 712 ov [A Catch.] 1. Swol-ed al-ways in 1000 ways al-

S:



Sing One, Two Three, come follow me, and so shall we, good follows be.

(112) The Bedford Catch for Three Voices; Being and Epitaph upon Two good Wives; the one
Dead and the other Living. Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.



I Thomas of Bedford this Monument made, for a pair of good Wives; tho' but one of 'em's dead: Alice

P—l did of Clarkenwell Parish descend: and Ann my surviving from the Saints of Wood-end. This work I at—

—tempted with sorrow and woe; cause one Wife was dead; and the other not so: How-ever the Vertues of

her I now have, make my Burden more ea-sie, till both are in Gravc. This has got all the Graces of

her that is gone, and o're and above 'em some few of her own. But a-las! oh a-las! that such

Goods shou'd de-cay, that e'er they shou'd dye or be ta-ken away.

A. J. Hoc.

[*The Czar's Health.*]

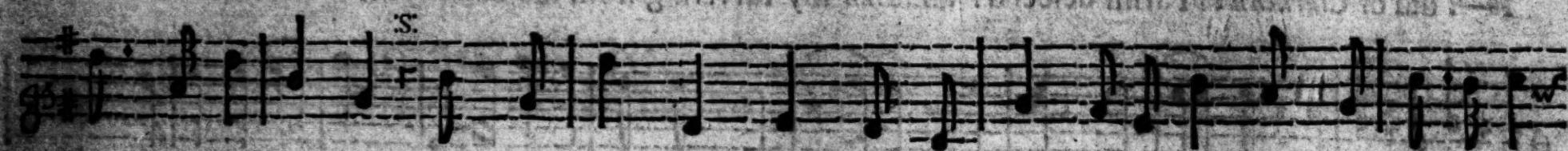
Mr. Hall.



Dragoons have a care, here's a health to the Czar; we'll all, all, we'll all do the mighty Rus'



Reason: Examine your Cup, that you drink it all up, if you leave but one drop, if you leave but one



drop, 'tis high Treason: wou'd you drink, drink, drink, wou'd you drink like a Rus', while you take it off



thus, still with Pepper improve your weak Brandy; and then to be just, to give it a gust, still, still let



Nitre supply, supply Sugar-can-dy. Thus arm'd, let it Blow, let it Hail, let it Snow, let it Hail, let it



Snow; it will ne'er make our Hero look thin Sir, warm without, with the Hair of his

(113) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



dear Brother Bear, and the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on, I wot on with-in Sir.

(114) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Dr. Turner.



H ere's a Health to our Fleet, to our Great King and Queen ; whilst the Cannon do roar, and the



Steeple do Ring, with Fires Triumphant the Ci-ty shall Shine, as Tourville's burnt Squadrons



en-ligh-ten the main ; may the Tyrant of France, thus be humbled each day, may his Armes



fall by Land, as his Na-vy at Sea ; whilst William and Ma-ry with Trophies are Crown'd,



may this be our wish as the Bumpers go round.

(115) A. 3. Voc.

[*Rind Jenny.*]

Dr. John Blow.

I 'LL Tell my Mother my *Jenny* cries, and then a poor lan--guishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be--
—leive the Gip-sey lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be
tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

(116) A. 3. Voc.

[*A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.*]

Dr. Blow.

U Ds nigs! here liggs, *John Digs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none know
which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived ea-sie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead, and
now they're dead, and shall please ye.

(117) A Catch for 3 Voices, upon a Prophecy, and Hieroglyphick of the late Mr. Will. Lilly
Astrologer; the Words by Mr. D'Urfey. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



D. A. B. Voca

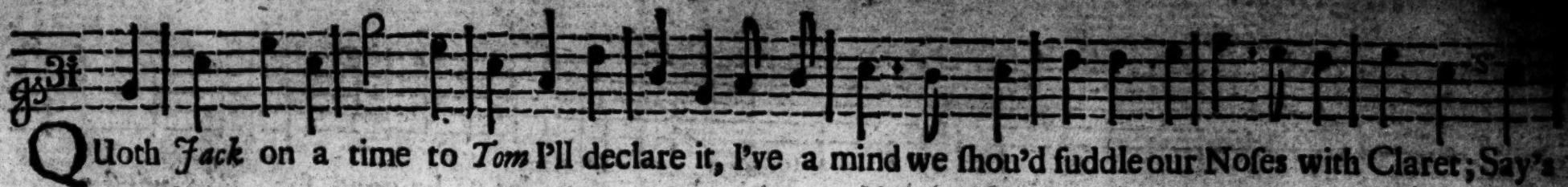
[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Hall.

Come all ye high Church-men, come all and rejoice; your Darling is now in no danger brave Boys, no
danger, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger brave boys: ev'ry Whig is turn'd Loy-al and
trims with the Court, and what they once ruin'd, now swear they'll support; now swear, now swear, now
swear, now swear, now swear, now swear they'll support; thus between John and Martin, her time she well
passes, and if you hant faith to believe it you're Alles; believe it, believe it, believe it,
believe it, believe it, believe it, believe it you're Alles.

(119) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Tom it will do you more harm than you think, fyē on you says Jack who can live without drink; I'll
ne're baulk my Wine here's to thy dispose; Tom pretends not to drink, pray look on his Nose.

(120)

[A Catch to a Minuet. Mr. Tho. Ridd.]

Mr. Williams's.



more, but of Wine to get store; since we see that we always miscarry; Rich bumpers on us no mischeif will

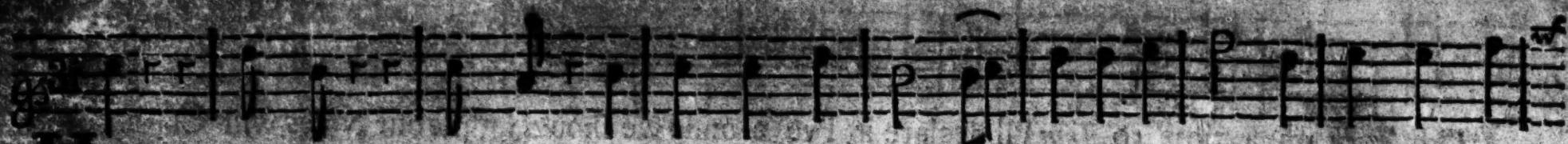


bring, but Plotting will send's to Hell in a String.

No. 170.

[A Catch.]

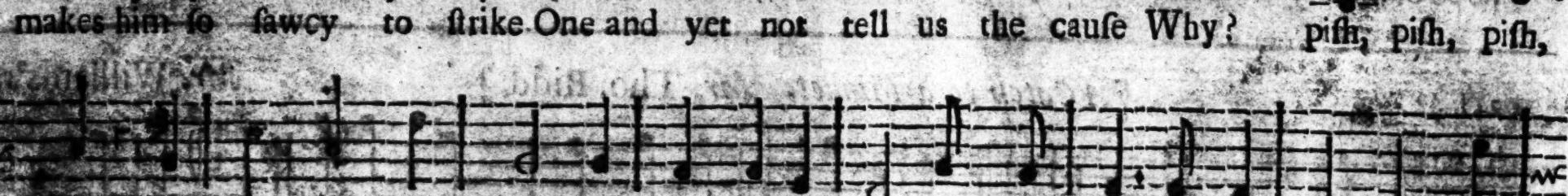
Mr. John Eccles.



Hark! Harry, Harry, Hark! Harry 'tis late; come let us be gone, for West-minster



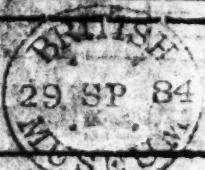
Tom by my Faith strikes One. Say'ft a so, say'ft a so, say'ft thou so, ho-nest Lad, what



pish, 'twas done in good part to get us a-way, and will cer-tain-ly double his



blow if we stay.



F I N I S.